



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1803.

The VILLAGE CURATE; or, AS YOU LIKE IT.
A TALE—BY MR. BACON.

[Continued from Page 90.]

AT this moment the jailer entered the room, with a letter for Mr. Benley—"The hand is unknown to me," said he, looking at the superscription.

"It has a goodly outside," said the jailer, "pray heaven it prove not like the world, fair without, and foul within."

"Why, truly, friend," returned Mr. Benley, "your satire upon the manners of mankind is not unreasonable. It is, I fear, the maxim of too many of the present age, to conceal the depravity of the heart beneath the spacious appearance of honesty. The termagant female, when some fair youth strikes her fantastic fancy, will assume a peaceful mein; till, falconer like, she lures the tassel to her power, then throws the mask aside. The libertine, who sighs to clasp the blooming virgin to his unchaste embrace, will swear eternal constancy and love, and invoke even heaven itself to witness the integrity of his passion; yet, no sooner has possession cloyed the appetite, and desire sickens, than he forgets his vows, and leaves the too incautious maid to mourn her fond credulity, and his ingratitude.—This, however," continued he, breaking the seal, "I think bodes no harm, I will therefore inform myself of its contents."

And now, gentle reader, do I most sincerely wish for the pencil of the inimitable Hogarth, to pourtray the features of this trio; to which language cannot give expression, nor the most lively conception do justice.—Here sat the reverend father, with placid countenance, and mind serene, prepared to meet, with complacency, the smiles of fortune, or to combat with success, the frowns of adversity. Near him stood the jailer, whom nature had cast in too soft a mould for the iron-hearted profession; and on his right hand was seated the honest farmer. In the countenance of these, hope's dawning smile was sweetly contrasted with the dusky frown of trembling fear. Now hope shot forth her brightening beam; now fear veiled with her murky cloud, the gilded prospect; and each, by turns, the balance swayed.

At length, Mr. Benley, raising his eyes from the letter, ended their suspense—"It is well, my friends," said he: "Goodness is still extant; and innocence enjoys the guardian care of providence. The contents of this letter will best explain my meaning:—"

To the Rev. JOHN BENLEY, at the Castle of Norwich.

"REVEREND SIR,

"THE enclosed notes, which I find on inquiry, will cover to the whole of your debts, wait your acceptance. They are the gift of one, on whom fortune has bestowed more than he can claim on the score of desert; and who anxiously hopes, while it restores to you those most enviable blessings,—liberty and domestic happiness, has left no clue by which a discovery of the donor may be affected."

Here the jailer broke out into a swearing fit of joy; the farmer, whose emotions were too violent for utterance, could only express his pleasure by his looks; while the grateful pastor threw himself on his knees; and, in a fervent pathetic address, to the giver of all good, poured forth the grateful transports of his soul.

While the bounty of the generous Trueman was thus employed in releasing the worthy curate from the horrors of a prison, he himself was no less assiduous in soothing, by every act of benevolence and hospitality, the anxiety of the family at home. His urbanity and complacency had already obtained him the good opinion of Mrs. Benley; and the amiable Charlotte began to view him with a sisterly regard. If the graces of his person pleased her eye, his generosity of sentiment, and nobleness of soul, excited her admiration and esteem. Trueman cultivated her good opinion with an anxious solicitude, that bespoke her dear to his heart; and he had the happiness to know that he was not indifferent to the object of his love.

With the assistance of his communicative landlord, he was become acquainted with every transaction that had occurred in the village for at least twenty years back; and from this source he had the painful in-

formation of innumerable abuses which his faithless steward had committed on his industrious tenantry; all which he was determined speedily to redress, and to punish with severity their ungrateful author. On this subject were his thoughts employed in one of his evening walks, when he was roused from his meditations by the sudden exclamation of a female voice; and, raising his eye, beheld, on the opposite side of the hedge, the fair object of his affections endeavoring to avoid the importunities of a gentleman who was pursuing her.

"Stay, lovely Charlotte!" said the stranger. "Why, my fair enslaver, do you fly me thus?"

"Why, sir," returned the affrighted girl, "are you so importunate?"

"Because," answered he, "I wish to remove the cloud of sorrow that hangs on your brow. In short, because I love you. Who could behold beauty such as yours, and live a stranger to affection?"

"Affection!" returned the lovely girl, while the glow of honest indignation increased the vermillion of her cheek; "view your recent conduct to my father, then say if affection bore a leading feature there?"

"On honorable terms," said he, "I sought your hand, which you in scorn refused. Had then your father laid on you his commands, and forced you to be mine, he had escaped my just resentment."

"My choice was free, sir," said the indignant maid; "and perhaps it was my nature's fault I could not love you. But excuse my abruptness," added she, withdrawing from her persecutor; "should we be seen thus discoursing, the discovery would not add to my reputation."

"This contempt, child, is very pretty," said the unfeeling monster; "but it shall not divert me from tasting the ripe beauties of those matchless charms." Then, rudely snatching the struggling beauty to his loathed embrace, impressed on her lovely lips the guilty purpose of his passion.

At that instant, rage and indignation fired the soul of Trueman; who darting through the hedge, seized the rude ravisher by the throat, and hurled him to the ground. "Detested monster!" cried the enraged youth,

"I know thee well! Thou art the faithless steward to the misused Bellont. Already has thy fame reached thy master's ears; nor think, vile ingrate, that he will suffer thy villainies to escape with impunity." Then, taking the almost fainting Charlotte by the hand, he hasted from this fallen Lucifer, leaving him to the torment of his guilty thoughts, and in utter astonishment at the mysterious words.

The fluttered spirits of the amiable Charlotte hardly supported her from the presence of her base assailant, before she sunk lifeless into the arms of her deliverer; who, urged by fear, placed her on a bank, and ran for water to a neighboring rivulet, and besprinkled her features with the cooling drops. Soon, to his wishes, she unclosed her lovely eyes; and, fanned by the gentle breezes, recovered from this state of transitory death.

"You tremble still, my Charlotte," said the enamoured youth; "and by your disordered looks, seem to doubt your safety."

"Oh no!" faintly answered the grateful fair; "where Trueman is, suspicion has no dwelling."

"Enchanting sweetness!" exclaimed the enraptured lover, catching her hand, and carrying it to his lips. "Oh! my lovely Charlotte, never 'till this hour of danger did I know how dear an interest in my heart you held. Would my sweet girl but kindly listen to my artless tale, would she but give my ardent passion one approving smile—"

"Alas!" interrupted Charlotte, rising from her seat, "I have no smiles to give. On any other subject I will hear you; but, till again my father breathes the air of freedom, till from the chains of bondage he is freed, I have forsworn all joy."

"Till that blest period," said Trueman, "when fortune shall cease to persecute thy venerable sire, and give the captive to his weeping friends, my passion, in concealment's painful bosom, shall dwell immured; if then thou wilt give my artless tale attention! This only do I ask; grant me but this, and hope, like a fond parent, shall nurture my love, and lull to rest each intrusive care."

"Then by my hopes of bliss hereafter," said the lovely maid, "I vow, when that happy hour arrives, I will not chide thy fondness. But tell me, if you know, what means this sudden joy that through the village reigns? How sweetly sound the merry bells, while every breeze from yon shouting throng wafts the breath of pleasure."

"And see," said Trueman, "where to my Charlotte's cottage they bend their steps! It is, methinks, no vulgar cause that swells this loud acclaim!—But, see, your brother comes, the harbinger of happiness!"

"Oh, Charlotte!" said Harry, as he drew near them, "our dear father has come home

again. Farmer Welford brought the news that he was on the road; and the whole village went to meet him. They took the horses from the chaise, and dragged him to our cottage. My mother cries for joy, and sent me to seek after you. Make haste, my dear sister, my father longs to see you.—And do you, Mr. Trueman, come too; my mother has told him what a kind friend you have been. I will run back, and say you are coming."

"Now, now, my Charlotte," said Trueman, "indulge this flood of joy, nor check the soft emotions of the soul. These tears become thee, which, like the fleeting shower that bathes, the summer's day, give fresh lustre to the charms of nature."

"Is that which I have heard derived from truth?" asked the astonished Charlotte; "or is it but the dream of fancy? My father released from prison! By whom?"

"Why," said Trueman, "should you question whence the gracious bounty came? It is sufficient that he is returned. Think, my dear Charlotte, the measure of his bliss incomplete, till in his paternal embrace he folds thy lovely form. Hasten then to increase and share his merited happiness." Then, folding her arm in his, he hurried towards her dwelling.

Mr. Benley, at the moment of their approach, was seated at the door of the cottage, surrounded by many of his parishioners; when Charlotte, breaking from Trueman, rushed into her father's arms, exclaiming—"My dear, dear father!" The enraptured parent mingled the tears of fond affection with those of filial gratitude; and every countenance beamed with smiles of joy. Nor was the welcome of the worthy Trueman wanting in cordiality; but when the lovely Charlotte related her rescue from the hated Sandford, the murmur of applause fell from every tongue, while the grateful father strained the gallant stranger to his heart, by the endearing name of son.

The return of the worthy pastor to his mourning flock, was celebrated by the inhabitants of the parish as a sort of jubilee. Every one strove to excel his neighbor in acts of courtesy. Stores of viands were conveyed from all parts of the village; and while by the pale light of the moon, sprightly youth led up the merry dance, cheerful age sat and quaffed the nut-brown ale, talked over the feats of former days, and in thought grew young again.

Charlotte, the lovely Charlotte, no more a prey to grief, no more the victim of despair, listened to the impassioned breath of love. The gallant Trueman forgot not to claim, nor did the blushing maid refuse, the promise she had made; and, before the hour of parting came, her tongue confirmed the passion which her eyes revealed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BIOGRAPHY.

[The subject of the present biographical sketch, is an extraordinary instance of the folly of departing from the established order of society, and is a convincing proof, that when a woman, from a spirit of eccentric pride, disregards and violates the most ornamental and necessary quality of her sex, chastity, she purchases, at a dear rate, her ideal enjoyments. She becomes the dupe of some designing man, who, perhaps, under the masque of congeniality, corrupts her mind and debases her person. Too late she discovers her error, and (no matter how great her firmness and magnanimity) experiencing the imbecility of her philosophy, seeks to relieve herself from a wretched life, by suicide.]

MRS. GODWIN.

MARY WOLSTONECRAFT, was born on the 27th of April, 1759, in London, or at a farm upon Epping-Forest. The education of this extraordinary woman was slender, and she had none of those early advantages which have been the lot of most women who have been distinguished in the literary world. She was remarkable in early life for vivacity and resolution. At nineteen years of age she lived with a Mrs. Dawson, at Bath, as a companion, but was obliged to leave Mrs. Dawson, to attend to the wants of a dying mother, to whom her behavior appears to have been very dutiful. After the death of her mother, she found herself in narrow circumstances, and was anxious to fix upon some mode of life to secure her independence. In the twenty-fourth year of her age, she opened a day-school at Islington, which was soon after transferred to Newington-green. She had for her partner, a young lady, to whom she was strongly attached, who repaired to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, in pursuance of the advice of a physician. This circumstance is worthy of notice, for it gave occasion to the display of that heroic friendship, which so much distinguished the life and character of Mrs. Godwin. Hearing that her friend was likely to die at Lisbon, she abandoned her school, in contempt of every consideration of interest, and, having borrowed a sufficient sum of money, flew to Lisbon to attend the last wishes of her friend.

On her return to England, she found her school had suffered greatly by her absence; she therefore entered into the family of Lord Kingsborough, as governess to his daughters, in which situation, however, she remained but a short time. In 1787, she settled in the metropolis, and had recourse to her pen for subsistence. Here she pursued her literary labors; wrote some of her most popular productions: *The Answer to Mr. Burke*, and *The Vindication of the Rights of Women*; translated several works, and contributed many articles to the *Analytical Review*. In 1792, she went to Paris, where she became acquainted with Mr. Gilbert Imray, a native of America, by whom she had a daughter. She had always entertained

the most violent prejudices against the con-
 ditions of European marriages. She did not
 think it consistent with the nature of man,
 for him to enter into an indissoluble union.
 She did not like those reciprocal legal res-
 ponsibilities, which take away the individu-
 ality of action and conduct. Mrs. Godwin,
 she frankly acknowledges, took upon her
 the duties of marriage without the ceremo-
 ny—she lived with Mr. Inlay. She was
 more than thirty-three years of age.
 Her connection did not prove fortunate.
 Mr. Inlay disappointed all her hopes. He
 abandoned her. In April 1795, she return-
 ed to London. The conduct of Inlay drove
 her to desperation, and she attempted to put
 an end to her life, but was prevented. Her
 misery increased, and again she attempted
 to destroy herself. For this purpose, she re-
 tired to Putney, determining to throw her-
 self into the river. We have here another
 instance of great resolution. It rained, and
 Mrs. Godwin, to facilitate her descent into
 the water, walked up and down the bridge
 for half an hour, that her clothes might be
 thoroughly drenched and heavy. She now
 stepped from the top of the bridge, but find-
 ing still a difficulty in sinking, she tried to
 press her clothes closely around her. She
 last became insensible; but at this mo-
 ment she was discovered and taken out.
 The next remarkable event in the life of
 Mrs. Godwin was her union with Mr. God-
 win. They had long known each other; and
 the union took place about six months
 after she had finally lost all hopes of reclaim-
 ing Mr. Inlay. They did not immediately
 marry, both disliking the responsibility and
 conditions attending that ceremony in Eng-
 land. But after Mrs. Godwin found herself
 pregnant, she thought it better to submit to
 the ceremony of marriage, than to that ex-
 clusion from society, to which living without,
 in England, would subject her, and which
 would infallibly have narrowed the circle of
 her usefulness. Mrs. Godwin died in con-
 sequence of child-birth, in August 1797,
 and was buried in St. Pancras church-yard.
 Since her death have been published her
 posthumous works, consisting of letters and
 fragments.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. M'DOWELL,

LOOKING over some old papers I luck-
 ily met with the enclosed short extract, on
 the pernicious effects of *novel-reading*, from
 the writings of a judicious modern author.
 You think it merits a place in 'The
 Hive,' your inserting it will oblige a num-
 ber of your readers.

R.
 "The distresses of a novel, which at the
 same time we know to be fictitious, affect
 much more than the dry narrative of a
 true tale. And it is an obvious fact, that ima-
 ginary objects often excite the passions as

vividly as real ones, even when known to be
 imaginary; and much more so, when by
 any illusion of the understanding, these
 creatures of the imagination are mistaken
 for substantial beings. It is therefore an
 important branch of the discipline of the
 mind, to distinguish between *imaginations*
 and *realities*, and to fix the attention *habitually*
 and *firmly* upon things which are *true*
 and *important*, lest *fictitious* objects should
 take possession of the affections, to the exclu-
 sion of those which are of *substantial value*."

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE HIVE.'

SIR,

I WAS the other evening in company,
 when the conversation turning on Beauty,
 a young gentleman read to us the following
 lines, which he had lately met with, but could
 not understand: He added, that they were a
 translation from an Italian poem.

The ambitious fair who strives for beauty's prize,
 And hopes to Helon's glorious fame to rise,
 These thirty charms must have to bless a lover's eyes.
 Three white, three black, and three of rosy hue,
 Three long, three short, three slender to the view;
 Three large, three small, three strait, as many wide,
 All these together form the accomplish'd bride.

Though the gentleman at first pretended
 to find these thirty charms in every lady pre-
 sent, yet when we seriously endeavored to
 explain the lines, we puzzled ourselves to no
 purpose: We therefore resolved to desire
 you to insert them in your 'HIVE,' and ac-
 quaint your correspondents that we will be
 greatly obliged to any one who will inform
 us what are those thirty white, black, red,
 long, short, slender, large, small, strait, and
 wide things, which are necessary to complete
 a beauty. Yours, S. G.

MORALIST.

THE ABSURDITY OF MANKIND.

ALAS! blessings have been given us in
 common, and we communicate to each other
 only the ills of life. Man is every where
 complaining of the want of land, and the
 Globe is covered with deserts. Man alone
 is exposed to famine, while the animal crea-
 tion, down to its insects, are wallowing in
 plenty. Almost every where he is the slave
 of his equal, while the feeblest of animals
 maintain their liberty against the strongest.
 Nature, who designed him for love, denied
 him arms, and he has forged them for him-
 self, to combat his fellow. She presents to
 all her children, asylums, and festivals; and
 the avenues of our cities announce our ap-
 proach only by the sad spectacle of wheels
 and gibbets. The history of nature exhibits
 blessings only: that of man, nothing but rob-
 bery and madness. His heroes are the per-
 sons who have rendered themselves the most
 tremendous. Every where he dispises the
 hand which spins the garment that clothes

him, and which cultivates for him the fertile
 bosom of the earth. Every where he es-
 teems his deceiver, and reveres his oppres-
 sor. Always dissatisfied with the present,
 he alone, of all being, regrets the past, and
 trembles at the thought of futurity.

[Bernardin De St. Pierre.

OF all the qualifications for conversation,
 humility, if not the most brilliant, is the
 safest, the most amiable, and the most fe-
 menine. The affectation of introducing sub-
 jects with which others are unacquainted, and
 of displaying talents superior to the rest of
 the company, is as dangerous as it is foolish.

THERE are many who never can forgive
 another for being more agreeable and more
 accomplished than themselves, and who can
 pardon any offence rather than an eclipsing
 merit. The fable of the nightingale should
 be ever held in remembrance, as it conveys
 a most useful lesson, replete with valuable
 instructions.—Had the silly warbler conquer-
 ed his vanity, and resisted the temptation of
 shewing a fine voice, he might have escaped
 the talons of the hawk. The melody of his
 singing was the cause of his destruction;
 his merit brought him into danger and his
 vanity cost him his life.

To Correspondents.

The 'gentleman' who communicated the *Reflec-
 tions on Solitude* which appeared in our 8th number,
 over the signature of Wilton, and which he chiefly
 stole from Zimmerman, need not put himself to
 the trouble of transcribing the conclusion of his Es-
 say, as we have that author in our possession at pre-
 sent, and would as soon copy from the print as from
 his manuscript.—We wish him to point out those
 parts which he means to conclude with.

Polemic Society.

THE LANCASTER POLEMIC SOCIETY,
 will meet at the School Room of Mr. McCul-
 lough, in North Queen-street, on Saturday
 next, at six o'clock, P. M. when the follow-
 ing Question will be discussed:—

"Is Novel-reading useful or pernicious to
 the fair sex?"

By Order of the Society,

C. R. WILSON, Sec'y.

Lancaster, Nov. 30, 1803. PRO. TEM.

The last Question was decided in favor of
Civilization.

BY REQUEST.

Those who return Books safe, have
 double chances for a second reading.

THE subscriber having lent the following Books
 to certain individuals of this borough, which they
 have not returned—He hath become desirous of hav-
 ing them once more in his possession:

Victim of Magical Delusion, 3 vols. Hapless Or-
 phan, 1st. vol. Cecelia, 3d vol. Milton's Paradise
 Lost, 1st. vol. Arthur O'Brady. Embassy to China.
 Romance of the Forest. Mystic Cottager. Boyle's
 Voyages. Haunted Priory,—and several others, not
 recollected at present. JOHN BRADBURN.

POETRY.

[The following has been communicated to us for publication, as *original*. If we mistake not, we have seen the same before or something similar. Should it prove to be a plagiarism, no other communication, in the same hand writing, will ever be attended to:]

TRANSPORTED with joy, with a heart light as air,
Lovely Phillida tript to her cot from the fair;
Her mother would fain know the cause of her bliss,
Which arose, she insisted, from Corydon's kiss.
From Corydon's kiss! said the lass, with a smile—
He gave me much more, ere we journey'd a mile.

Much more 'cry'd the mother, I'll know what it be,
No, no that's a setret between him and me;
And, mother, you've told me, all secrets to keep,
And never reveal them—not even in sleep.
What Corydon gav' me, I'll now not impart,
'Tis the joy of my eyes, and the bliss of my heart.

Come, hussy, disclose! I'm determin'd to know,
What the shepherd has done, thus to tickle you so.
Dear mother, 'tis only what pass'd in your youth,
'Tween my father and you—as I live, 'tis a truth.
So press me no farther: for time will reveal,
What now, with such rapture, I wish to conceal.

Yes, yes! I know well, what will happen in time,
And I know what misfortunes await on the crime!
A crime! said the fair one.—Believe me dear mother,
Each virgin around would embrace such another.
He gave me this morn—the delight of my life,
He gave me—HIMSELF—for he made me his WIFE.

A WAR POEM.

On the late Mr. BLYTHE, a midshipman on board the Mars.—BY R. SOUTHY.

HARK, how the church-bells' thund'ring harmony
Stuns the glad ear!—Tidings of joy have come—
Good tidings of great joy!—Two gallant ships
Met on the element—they met—they fought
A desp'rate fight.—Good tidings of great joy!
They fought a desp'rate fight.—The English guns
Plough'd up the hostile deck—they shatter'd her—
Old England triumph'd.—Yet another day
Of glory for the ruler of the waves.
For those who fell—'twas in their country's cause—
They have their passing paragraphs of praise,
And are forgotten.

There was one who died
In that day's glory, whose obscurer name
No proud historian's page will chronicle.
Peace to his honest soul!—I read his name—
'Twas in the list of slaughter;—and bless'd God
The sound was not familiar to mine ear.
But it was told me after, that this man
Was one whom lawful violence had forc'd
From his own home, and wife, and little ones,
Who by his labor liv'd:—that he was one,

Whose uncorrupted heart, could keenly feel
A husband's love, a father's anxiousness;—
That from the wages of his toil he fed
The distant dear ones; and would talk of them
At midnight, when he trod the silent deck
With him he valued:—talk of them, of joys
That he had known.—O God! and of the hour
When they should meet again; 'till his fond heart,
His manly heart, at last would overflow,
E'en like a child's, with very tenderness.
Peace to his honest spirit!—Suddenly
It came, and merciful the ball of death,
For it came suddenly, and shatter'd him;
And left no moment's agonizing thought,
On those he lov'd so well.

He ocean deep
Now lies at rest. Be thou her comforter,
Who art the widow's friend!—Man does not know
What a cold sickness made her blood run back,
When first she heard the tidings of the fight;
Man does not know with what a dreadful hope
She listen'd to the names of those who died:
Man does not know, or, knowing, will not heed,
With what an agony of tenderness
She gaz'd upon her children, and beheld
His image who was gone. O God! be thou
Her comforter, who art the widow's friend.

RETIREMENT IN WINTER.

Howl on, ye winds, that rudely hurl
The storm about my cot;
I'll closer press my lovely girl,
And bless my happy lot.

Though you unroof our little shed,
I'll fold her from thy rage;
While love, the guardian of our breasts,
Shall all your force assuage.

I'll tell her, fiercer storms shall rend
The proud, ambitious, great;
Whose lofty heads must learn to bend
Amidst the pomp of state.

We'll envy not the rich, my girl,
The proud, the great, the gay;
But learn to live and love as well—
Nay, better far than they.

Richer than theirs our hearts shall be,
And purer far our bliss;
Then let the great ones envy me,
When these sweet lips I kiss.

Tho' mutual toil must spread our board,
Content and peace shall bless it;
And, if no rank such joys afford,
Why, let the lordling guess it.

EPIGRAM.

I laugh, a would-be sapient cries,
At every one that laughs at me—
Good Lord! a sneering friend replies,
How merry you must be.

HUMORIST.

A FAITHFUL LAD.

IT is well known that Frederick the II. rose remarkable early in the morning, and in general allowed a very short part of his time to sleep. But as age and infirmities increased upon him, his sleep was broken and disturbed, and when he fell asleep towards the morning, he frequently missed his early hour of rising. This loss of time as he deemed it, he bore very impatiently and gave strict orders to his attendants never to suffer him to sleep longer than four o'clock in the morning, and to pay no attention to his unwillingness to rise. One morning at the appointed time, the page, whose turn it was to attend him, and who had not long been in his service, came to his bed and awoke him. "Let me sleep but a little longer," said the monarch; "I am still fatigued." "Your majesty has given positive orders I should wake you so early," replied the page;—"but another quarter of an hour more;"—"not one minute," said the page, "it has struck four, I am ordered to insist upon your majesty's rising."—"Well," said the king, "you are a brave lad; had you let me sleep on, you would have fared ill for your neglect."

MARGARET of Scotland, wife of Lewis the XI, before she came to the crown, happened to find Alain Chartier, one of the most learned and most deformed men of his time, asleep, went up to him, and kissed him: but observing the people about her to be greatly surprised, she said—"It is not the man I kissed, but the mouth that he uttered such fine speeches."

HABIT OF SWEARING.

A person asked the minister of his parish what was meant by "He was clothed with curses as with a garment." "My good friend," said the minister, "it means that he had got a habit of swearing."

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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AT THE SIGN OF THE 'BEE-HIVE,' A FEW FEET EAST OF THE LEOPARD TAVERN, IN EAST KING-STREET.